

# GORE GAZETTE

FREE YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA No. 4P

## MEDIOCRE SPACE RAPE

Almi Cinema 5, shaky N.Y. distributors with a penchant for last-minute retitling of domestic product (Cannibals In The Street a/k/a Invasion Of The Flesh Hunters) strike again with Horror Planet, an eleventh-hour remonikering of the long-awaited Inseminoid. Produced by Richard Grodan (Haunted Strangler, Fiend Without A Face) back in 1980, Inseminoid is a space gore opera similar in style, execution, plot and production values to Roger Corman's Galaxy Of Terror. (This is where it really gets confusing as not only are the two films very similar, but Galaxy Of Terror was originally titled Planet Of Horrors where now Inseminoid has been re-dubbed Horror Planet. Whew!) Ex. - To Sir With Love ingenue Judy Geeson is now an aging Jennifer Giddings lookalike space traveller who gets raped by a lizard-like creature on an alien planet. After the attack she begins craving human flesh, devouring her space crew members one by one in delightfully gory manners (throats are torn out, intestines devoured, etc.) until finally giving birth to a litter of monster inseminoids of her own at the film's finale. Gordon stretches the film's low budget admirably, creating exceptional effects from minimal sets and colored lights but flounders a bit in the continuity department with a plot that

meanders more than an old river. Horror Planet is graphically violent, but it all is displayed in such quick cuts that viewers may think the film is an experiment in subliminal seduction. (Perhaps this format was to prevent an X-rating as the film was rated during the Friday the 13th Part 2/My Bloody Valentine MPAA "witch hunt" period. Overall Horror Planet is a mediocre film that is a slight disappointment considering its big buildup in an early issue of Fangoria Magazine that made it seem to be the state of the art in depraved exploitation cinema. Thumbs down to Almi Cinema 5 for changing what probably would have been the year's greatest film title to a bland, easily forgettable sobriquet.

## CREEPSHOW CATASTROPHE

By now, nearly everyone has seen George Romero's Creepshow. The film grossed a whopping 9.2 million dollars during its first week of release and continued sucking up impressive amounts of green well into its third week across the country. Critical opinion has been mixed, but one trend is certain: Creepshow seems to evoke a strong reaction (either very positive or extremely negative) from all reviewers. Unfortunately, after heralding the film's release on two separate G.G. covers and even running a promotional tie-in via the Creepshow Quiz (G.G.



A HORNY YOUNG INSEMINOID (RIGHT) FORCES JUDY GEESON (LEFT) TO PUT OUT FOR HIS BIZARRE ALIEN DESIRES IN THIS SCENE FROM HORROR PLANET.

#24), I must admit to having found the film sorely lacking. The idea of E.C. Comics - inspired anthology films is not an original one, as England's Amicus Films had released both Tales From The Crypt and The Vault of Horror nearly a decade earlier to tremendous box office success. Hence, Romero had his work cut out for him at the outset of the Creepshow project in trying to avoid duplicating, yet attempting to surpass the aforementioned classics. Sadly, he's done neither. Creepshow duplicates the annoying mundane humor element that flawed the Amicus series and Stephen King's predictable plots on all five of the flick's episodes can't hold a candle to Milton Subotsky's witty twist ending vignettes of the early 1970's. The film also is stuck in a quandry of being too juvenile for an adult film (that corny comic relief is built into every line) and too adult for a juvenile film.

Romero's unrestrained use of obscenities and sexual entredres seem grossly out of character for a lighthearted film. Nowhere in my memory of E.C. Comics did a shrewish femme ever utter lines like "Arthur, I should cut off your balls and wear them for earrings!", yet Adrienne Barbeau hurls this and more at a henpecked Hal Halbrook throughout one of the segments.) Romero was quoted in production interviews as "trying to strive for a comic-book look for the film", and he's obviously succeeded as Creepshow stylistically resembles an episode of the Batman T.V. series of the 1960's (i.e., a novel idea that gets tiring real fast). Even Tom Savini's much-touted special effects are off the mark on Creepshow - his monsters resemble the low budget latex throwtogethers from the days of Monsters Pictures and the long-awaited E.G. Marshall "cockroach" sequence looks garishly second rate upon close scrutiny. There is no need to discuss each episode of the film separately, as they all contain the same weaknesses: predictable storylines, corny dialogue, T.V. sitcom production values, etc. At a recent G.G. movie night, a subscriber's misunderstanding summed up Creepshow perfectly: The person thought that the stories presented in the film were written by Stephen King when he was a young kid back in the 1950's and wrote off the pretensions of the screenplay as being those devised by a 10 year old's mind! Supposedly, Creepshow is the first of many collaborations planned by the Romero/King team. Pray for a falling out between partners....

#### AN UNFORGIVABLE SCAM FROM SAM

Though sporting one of the most provocative titles in recent memory, Nurses For Sale is nothing more than an imported, retitled ripoff from the nefarious Sam Sherman's Independent-International Corp. Sam, who in the past has given us gems like Dracula vs. Frankenstein, Satan's Sadists and Blood Of Ghastly Horror has

taken a German import film from the early 1970's, added a few domestically-lensed soft core seduction sequences featuring two of the fattest, ugliest "nurses" ever seen and devised a deceptive ad campaign to make the film appear to be a soft core/gore exploitationer. Filmed on location in Puerto Rico by a German production team, Nurses is in reality a low budget adventure epic featuring a bloated Curt Jurgens as a sea captain who battles a bevy of wetback revolutionaries who have kidnapped a convoy of "American" Red Cross Nurses for trade of political prisoners. Aside from this premise, the story is fairly incomprehensible, convoluted and in general a boring mess which may be the result of indiscriminate editing on the part of the I.I. hacks. Sex is kept to a minimum (thank god, since the actresses are such dogs) and the only real gore comes when some third-rate Che Guevarra clone gets acid thrown in his face by the "weet-wah" nurse he has just raped. Sherman persuaded the easily-tempted Terry Levene into distributing this dud via the N.Y.-based Aquarius Films, themselves old pros at retitling tactics. The head nurse in the sky should administer enemas to both of these jokers to prevent them from unleashing anymore of this shit on an unsuspecting public.

#### SUCCESSFUL SLASHER SAGA

As is usual with the G.G., the one film that outshines all others this month is relegated to the smallest review space. New Line Cinema's Alone In The Dark resembles yet another of the "mad slasher" epics that have glutted the theater screens for the past two years from its ad art, but in reality it is an interesting variation on the timeworn genre that might just be the sleeper of 1982. Talented character actors Jack Palance, Martin Landau and Donald Pleasance effectively ham their way through an interesting tale concerning a group of psychopaths who escape from a mental hospital with the intent of murdering a new doctor whom they believe killed a former psychiatrist at the institution. Director Jack Sholder effectively avoids the triteness of this timeworn genre and his screenplay displays an understanding insight of madness that leads you to believe he may have spent some time at a funny farm himself. Alone contains little "stalk and slash" hijinx, with the few killings emerging as jolting and effectively terrifying. Gore fans will not be disappointed as the film still contains some high-volume violence. Don't miss it!

